### RELIGIOUS READING.

MELPFUL TO THE ERRING.

The Lord upholdeth all that fall.—Pealm 145:14.

O deem thou not that God is with the victors And with the tempted and defeated not at all;
His pity is the deepest for the sorely tempted,
His mercy is most tender unto them who
fall.

He is a God of strong and infinite compas-And His compassion flows most richly to the Our weat; .-. not our strength, our need and not our fuller-ss. Do ever move him most when grace to help we sees.

Take comfort tempted one, in conflict never ceasing, Lean less upon thyself and lean on God the So shalt thou surely find Him faithful that word goth bid the hope for triumph

O learn to know thyself, so sinful and so help-And learn to find in Him thine all-sufficient "Tis worth the cost of tears, of failures and of anguish
If this all needful lesson thou but learn at

And see that thine own weakness makes thee Nor look with glance of scorn on those who, But learn to speak the word of hope unto the bopeless.

Let tar life a bitter lesson helpful thoughts

O give us of Thy spirit, ever-loving Father.
For in our lesser measure we would be like
Taee:
And knowing for ourselves Thy love and tender pity,
To erring ones about us would more tender ones about us would more tender -R. M. Offord, in N. Y. Observer.

International Sunday-School Lessons.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Nov. 3-The Story of Jonah Jonah 1: 1-17

Nov.15-Effect of Jonah's
Preaching Jonah 3: 1-10

Nov.22-Hezekinh's Good
Reign 2 Kings 18: 1-12

Nov.20-Hezekinh's Prayer Answered 2 Kings 20: 1-17

Dec. 6-The Sinful Nation Isainh 1: 1-18

Dec. 13-The SufferingSaviour.Isainh 55: 1-12

Dec. 23-The Gracious Invitation Jonah 55: 1-11

Dec. 27-Review. Service of Song. Missionary,
Temperance or other Lesson selected by the Echool.

#### SIXTEEN REASONS.

For Going to Church on Rainy Sundays, and in Otherwise Unpleasant Weather. I attend church on rainy Sundays be-

1. God has blessed the Lord's day and hallowed it, making no exceptions for rainy Sundays.

2. I expect my minister to be there. I should be surprised if he were to stay at home for the weather. 3. If his hands fail through weak-

ness, I shall have great reason to blame myself unless I sustain him by my prayers and my presence. 4. By staying away I may lose the

prayers which may bring God's blessing, and the sermon that would have done me great good. 5. My presence is more needful on

Sundays when there are few than on tho e days when the church is crowded. 6. Whatever station I hold in the church, my example must influence others. If I stay away, why may not

7. On any important business, rainy weather does not keep me at home, and church attendance is, in God's

sight, very important.
8. Among the crowds of pleasureseekers, I see that no weather keeps the delicate female from the ball, the party, or the concert.

9. Among other blessings, such weather will show me on what foundation my faith is built. It will prove how much I love Christ. True rarely fails to meet an appointment. Those who stay from church be-

cause it is too warm, or too cold, or too rainy, frequently absent themselves on

11. Though my excuses satisfy myself, they still must undergo God's scrutiny; and they must be well grounded to bear that. (Luke 14-18.) 12. There is a special promise that, where two or three meet together in God's name. He will be in the midst of

18. An avoidable absence from the church is an infallible evidence of spiritual decay. Disciples first follow Christ at a distance, and then, like Pe-

ter, do not know him. 14. My faith is to be shown by my self-denying Christian life, and not by the rise or fall of the thermometer.

15. Such yielding to surmountable difficulties prepares for yielding to those merely imaginary, until thousands never enter a church, and yet think they have good reason for such neglect.

Sundays God may give me, and it would be a poor preparation for my first Sunday in Heaven, to have slighted my last Sunday on earth .- Frances & Havergal.

# WELL LIGHTED.

The Importance of Christians Letting Their Light So Shine That Wicked Men May Be Influenced Thereby to Refrain from Evil.

What a difference it makes to have a street well lighted at night! The cheery beams of the street lamp and the dazzling brilliancy of the electric light are more of a protection to the traveler at night through streets than the weapon of the policinan. The evil beings who haunt our streets at night shun the well-lighted thoroughfares, and skulk off into dark alleys and unlighted lanes where their evil deeds are not likely to be discovered. And yet it is not teh light alone that makes the difference. Ther are palaces of sin where riot and revelry go on unabashed beneath the glare of gilded lamps and crystal chanda-liers; for the light of the physical lamp is of little moral avail unless it is made is of fittle morsa avail unless it is made effective by that other light of which Christ spoke when He said: "Ye are the light of the world." The powers of darkness fear the natural light only when it is accompanied by that better light; and the guilty creatures who snow their guilt, unashamed, in the brilliantly-lighted palaces of sin, would cower and shrink beneath the Christ-lighted eyes of true and pure men, if suddenly exposed to their searching gaze. There are anxious souls who eem to themselves pover to have done anything for the Master, who might be comforted a little if they could only re- | L. Cuyier.

alize how important is this work of FOR OUR YOUNG READERS. mere light bearing. Many a neighbor-hood, now forced to be outwardly respectable by the presence of a few God-fearing men and women in its midst, would break out into open and flagrant wickedness if that restraining and enhightening presence were to cease. But wherever God's children are, the light shines, and the workers of in-iquity are forced to hide their evil deeds. It is a deed worth doing to flood the streets at night with the electric light; but it is a deed far better worth doing to let one's Christian light so shine that evil men will fear to bring their evil deeds to the brightness of its shining; for the light of a little band of Christian men and women is worth more, to keep a community pure, than all the light of all the lamps ever invented. -S. S. Times.

# MY SPECIAL WORK.

It Can Not Be Delegated to Others, But

There is work for all of us. And there is special work for each, work which I can not do in a crowd, or as one of a mass, but as one man, acting singly, according to my own gifts, and under a sense of my personal responsibility. There is, no doubt, associated work for me to do; I must do my work as part of the world's great hold, or as a member of some body. But I have a special work to do, as one individual, who by God's plan and appointment has a separate position, separate re-sponsibilities and a separate work; if I do not do it, it must be left undone. No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I have come to the world to do; he may do a higher work, a greater work, but he not do my work. I can not hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities or my gifts. Nor can I delegate my work to any association of men, however well-ordered and powerful. They have their own work to do, and it may be a very noble one. But they not do my work for me. I must do it with these hands or with these lips which God has given me. I may do little or I may do much. That matters not. It must be my own work. And by doing my own work, poor as it may seem to some, I shall better fulfill God' end in making me what I am, and more truly glorify His name, than if I were cither going out of my own sphere to do the work of another, or calling in another into my sphere to do my proper work for me. -Ruskin.

## What Can I Do to Make Home Happy?

1. To make home duties of the first importance, not to despise the very smallest, but to perform it even as "unto God."

2. To undertake no work outside which may cause the neglect of even that "small duty" at home.

3. To think of the happiness of others before my own; "for even Christ pleased not Himself," and went away, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps.'

4. To try to add to the happiness of every member of my family, sympa-thizing in both what gives them pain and pleasure.

5. To find my besetting sin, and fight hard to overcome it; for "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

6. To remember God has formed my home, and as long as He leaves me in it, no one but myself can fill the niche in which he has placed me.

"Content to fill a little space If Thou be glorified." 7. To improve the talents that God has given me, especially those that will give pleasure or be of use to others, remembering the command: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

-Faith and Works.

## Give Thanks in All Things.

In everything, not in one or two, not in great things only, but in even the smallest things that tire and perplex you, "let your request be made known unto God." This is our encouragement. We are to come with expectation, praying for help. We are to come also with "supplication," that is, with earnest prayer, prostrating ourselves before the mercy throne. We are to remember how much we possess, although there be so much that we want: how much we are to bless God for, while there are so many burdens which we beg Him to remove. Even in our deepest sorrows we have abun dant cause to pray with thanksgiving.

## CHOICE SELECTIONS.

The best armor is to keep out of gunshot. - Lord Bacon.

-An ill argument introduced with deference will procure more credit than the profoundest science with a rough, insolent and noisy management.

-When an old friend said to Dr. -when an old friend said to Dr. Muhlenberg: "We are both on the wrong side of seventy." the doctor replied: "The wrong side? surely the right side, for it is the side nearest Heaven."

-It is no great matter to live lovingly with good-natured, humble and meek persons; but he who can do so with the forward, wilful, ignorant, peevish and perverse bath true charity.—Thomas a Kempis.

-It takes a great deal of grace to be able to bear praise. Censure seldom does us much hurt. A man struggles up against slander, and the discourage-ment which comes of it may not be an unmixed evil; but praise soon suggests pride, and is therefore not an unmixed

-When the richest American of his day was in his last fatal sickness a Christian friend proposed to sing for him, and the hymn he named was Come Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy." "Yes, yes," replied the dying millionaire, "sing that for me, I feel poor and needy." Yet at that moment the stock markets of the globe were watching and waiting for the death of the man who could shake them with a nod of his head. "Poor and needy!" How the sand sweeps from under a man's soul in such an hour as that!—Dr. T.

THE BOY TO TRUST IN.

I heard three boys, this morning.

Discuss a little plan,
That two decinied was "joily:"
The third, a little man,
Looked thoughtful for a moment,
And then he shook his head;
"It isn't right to do it,
So count me out," he said.

The other coys were appry,
And said he was afraid:
Then up spoke little Brave-heart,
And this reply be made:
I couldn't tell my mother.
And I don't mean to do
A thong I'd be absumed, hors,
To have her know of, (oo."

I leaved out of my window,
Right glad at such reply;
All honor, little hero.
For such brave words," said I.
The boy whose deeds he fears not
To have his mother know
Is just the boy to trust in—
You'll always find it so!
—E. E. Rexford, in Golden Days.

"UNSER FRITZ."

A True Story of One of the Truest and Most Faithful of Friends.

I dare say my young readers will think I am going to tell them something about the Crown Prince of Germany, whom all the people of the German Empire love familiarly to call "Unser Fritz"-Our Fritz

But the Fritz I'm about to speak of was a Crown Prince among dogs. He was a St. Bernard of the most magnificent proportions, with a strain of the bloodhound, which made people at times a little afraid of him. But he never troubled them unless there was semething suspicious-looking about them, of which he took it upon himself to be the judge. He was as black as a coal from head to foot, with the exception of a white star upon his breast. He was a most superb watch-dog: no regiment of the old Kaiser's grenadiers could have guarded our premises more vigilantly than did he, and if the German Fritz looks after the affairs of his Empire, when he comes to govern it, as well as our Fritz did after his charge, his subjects will be admirably taken care of.

Fritz was a dog of very lofty bearing. very exclusive in his associations, and the soul of dignity and pride. He was superior to all the ordinary little meannesses of dog-hood; he was never known to take anything he was forbidden to touch, for his obedience was ab-

I have, from my friand Rose Kingsley, an anecdote of a dog belonging to her father, Charles Kingsley, who once to far forgot his principles (though peared in the Eversley Rectory) as to steal a beefsteak while the family was at church. Mr. Kingsley called up the dog, and in a grave manner reproached him with what he had done. From that day forth, till the day of his death. the word "beefsteak" was never uttered in the dog's presence without his dropping his head and skulking away, with his tail between his legs. Our Fritz was higher bred, and had more honorable principles than Mr. Kingsley's dog; he never stole a beefsteak!

His devotion to his master was exclu sive and extreme. I believe he would have let his ears be cut off if his master had wished to do it, and would have made no fuss about it. He went with his master everywhere except to church; and as he always knew when Sunday came, he had never to be told to stay at home that day. He was not allowed to enter the library where his master usually sat, unless on special occasions; and a motion of the finger was then sufficient to beekon him in or to order him out. Yet he would lie with his muzzle on the rug, at the bibrary door, with mathematical precision, bringing it to a line with the door moldings, but not intruding a half-inch beyond—so strict was he to the letter in his obedience. He would bound to the chamber and bring down his master's slinpers when he saw his master come in. and if he heard an order given for the riding horse to be got out, he just as eagerly hunted up and brought the riding-boots.

His devotion to his master was of such a watchful character that if any stranger approached him, he always managed to stand between his master and the new-comer, keeping a steady eye on the latter.

The way he would kiss and caress his master, and the horse his master rode, was pathetic to see; he never seemed perfectly happy unless he had in sight the face and form that were dearer to him than his own life.

I shall never forget a touching scene that occurred last October of our poor Fritz's life. Our Virginia gentlemen have every autumn what they call the fall hunt; when about twenty of them form an encampment in the mountains, some twenty or thirty miles distant, where they remain a fortnight for deershooting. They carry several tents with them, beds and bedding, cookingstove, a colored man-cook, and all the utensils and arrangements for a fortnight's comfortable living. All the packs of hounds in the neighborhood

are gathered together in a leash On the morning of which I speak, the whole cavalcade, hunters, horses, baggage-wagons, servants and many packs of hounds, were gathered together in our stable-yard, awaiting the signal for starting. Horns were sounding, dogs were baying, guns were clattering, eager hunters were laughing and talking, and a general excitement was over all the establishment.

Fritz's spirits were extremely high. le sprang up a dozen times and kissed Fritz's spirits were extremely high. He sprang up a dozen times and kissed his master's riding-horse, brought his master his whip and boots, and seemed fairly beside himself with joy.

But Fritz was not to be of the hunting-party. On the mountains he was out of his element, and only marred the sport; so he was to be left at home.

the sport; so he was to be left at home. But his master could not bear to tell him this, and determined not to start with the party, but make a detour and dip away unperceived. Consequently to had his horse led round to the front rate of the house, intending to mount here, but Fritz was so alert and vigi-tant that it was impossible to elude his watchfulness. So his master took him aside and said, in a low but impressive

tone of voice: "Fritz, you are not to go with me!" If the dog had been shot, I think he could scarcely have fallen to the ground more suddenly, as if deprived of life. It was at the end of a king hall, that reed under the foundation-stone.

commanded the front door and front gate, where the dog had dropped. His master patted him affectionately, passed on and mounted his horse, but Fritz no

on and mounted his noise, and more moved than if he were dead.

His master called to him: "Good-bye, he lay motionless. The Fritz!" but he lay motionless. The household gathered about him and tried to comfort him.

"Look up, Fritz!" I said. "See! your master is speaking to you," but he buried his face between his paws and

seemed not to hear.

When some one said: "Papa is gone," a low moan burst from the dog, and this finally became a sobbing cry which did not cease until after midday. It was one of the most piteous sounds I ever heard. We soothed and caressed

him and brought him delicacies we knew he liked, but he was dead to our comfortings and refused all food, until, as night drew on, we began to grow a little superstitious, lest the dog's grief should presage some harm to the mas-ter. The next day, however, he grew more reconciled, but only recovered his spirits upon the return of his master, was ready to devour with joy. Poor, dear Fritz! It makes my heart

ache yet to think of his tragic end, for, like Chinese Gordon, he was the victim of treachery, and perished a martyr to his own faithfulness. Smoke-house thieves had been committing depreda-tions around us, but so watchful was our brave guard that we had lost nothing. One night poisoned meat was placed in his way, and the next mornng his master's heart was filled with real sorrow, to find him lying stark and stiff on the long porch, as close to the house-door as he could get. If he could have got in, we knew he would have dragged himself to his master's

feet to die. A grave was made for him under the green orchard grass. One of my boys wrote Hic Jacet for him, and his master took the trouble to pronounce over him, that sunny afternoon, a Latin eulogium. in which he characterized him as one of the truest and most faithful friends his life had known .- Margaret J. Preston, in Youth's Companion.

### TRUDIE'S COLLECTION.

A Grandly Successful Scheme, But Then They All Runned Away."

At our house it is quite a rage to make collections. Papa Jameson has a collection of old coins; Mamma Jameson's treasure is her rare china; Aunt Mate's affections are set upon choice engravings, while the children collect a great

variety of what older people call trash.

Hearing so much about collections,
our little Trudie began wondering what
she could "k'lect." While puzzling While puzzling her dear little brain, a plaintive "mew came from under the lilac at the end of the porch. In an instant Trudie was ealling "kitty, kitty!" and by a little coaxing drew from its hiding-place a

poor hungry kitten.
"O you little dear!" cooed sympathetic Trudie. "I'll take you in the kitchen and Hannah shall give you some milk." After Trudie had fed and cuddled her

new pet she trudged up-stairs to show it to mamma "Just see, mamma! I've 'dopted a

kittie, just the way Aunt Jennie 'dopted poor Max." O, Trudie, such a dirty kitty!" But Trudie's pleading finally won the day, and the new kitten was borne

"Oh! I've just thought," said Trudie to herself, "I'll k'iect some cats! I know just where to get some beauty kittens, and p'r'aps Mrs. Stone will give me Dixie. He's most blind and some lame, but he will be good to sing to the children.

Trudie chose the d'ning-room for her collection because of its sunny south window, and as good-natured Hannah seldom interfered with her plays she carried out her plan unmolested. All the rest of the forenoon the little

girl was very busy, arranging cushions, boxes, etc., and making breathless little excursions to the nearest houses where Of course her scheme was a grand success, for who ever heard of a neigh-

borhood that d d not afford at least a dozen spare cats, and when the Jameson family came in to dinner what do you think they saw? Why, there sat Trude on the floor in the sun, in her lap lay two kittens, on a cushion at her side lay three more,

and curled up on the floor was a very old and a very homely cat. "Why, Ger.rude Jameson!" ex-claimed mamma. "Why, Gertrude Jameson!" echoed Aunt Mate, and papa

and the boys fairly shouted.
"That's my k'lection!" explained Trudie, almost crying. "It took such a lot of patience to get them 'quainted. and now, oh dear! they have all runned away!" .- Pansy.

## A BULGARIAN LEGEND.

The Eastern Version of an Almost Universal Tradition.

A writer in the XIXe Siecle contributes to that paper the Bulgarian version of a legend which, in one shape or other, has a place in the traditions of almost every people with whom we are acquainted. Nine master masons, who were engaged in building a citadel in the time of the Voivoid Neagoe, found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the previous day hal fallen to pieces during the night and was lying a heap of ruins in the ditch. Mancl of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from Heaven had warned him in his sleep that their labors would continue to come to naught unless they all swore that morning to immure in the structure the first woman, wife or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them. They all took the oath, and the last man had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife made her appearance, bringing her husband's breakfast. Manol kept the oath, and "Flora of the Fields" disappeared in the mass of rapidly-rising masonry. A curious prac-tice of the Bulgarian masons which survives to this day loadies to the vitality of the legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after they have dug the foundation and are about to lay the first stone, and then they bury the

## FRENCH FIREMEN.

The Extravegant Pay Enjoyed by the Fire Laddles of Paris.

Over in Paris, when you see a man with red trousers, remarkably baggy. with a little blue jacket, tight enough for a corset, and with a big red belt to which a ring is attached, as though to enable his mother to hang him out on a limo as some squaws do their papooses, you have before you a pompier or Sapeur-pompier. Those are the words employed by Frenchmen to express the meaning of our word "firemen," and it and it is to those gentlemen with the wealth of trousers that the citizens of the benighted city coulide the work that

done by firemen over here.

The best place in the world to study the Sapeur-pompier is around the big fountain in the garden of the Tuilleries. That is also a desirable resort for the student who would learn the ways of the herds of French infants and of their shepherdesses, the bonnes in spotless bonnets and fantastic ribbons. Nothing in the world presents a better picture of perfect happiness than a pom-pier sitting in the sun with an amiable bonne beside him, unless it be the French baby who finds himself free to devour his toes unmolested. That is the attitude in which the pompier was always studied by the writer of this treatise who watched for four years and ran across only one fire in Paris.

A New York fireman on reading this will perhaps exclaim: "Oh, to be a Sapeur-pompier," but he would be wrong. A Sapeur's life may be a long dream of bliss; a chain of happiness whose links are untold bonnes with ribbons more fantastic than those of her predecessor, but then it is an awfully economical dream of bliss. The Sapeur-pompier is a soldier regularly enlisted and chosen to be a Sapeur ou account of his physical prowess and agility. He must be a pompier whether wants to or not, and his only consolation is that he receives as compensation for the hard work which he is supposed to perform the unusually large pay of fifty or sixty centimes a day. Reducing his salary for the poetical centimes to the cold, hard cent it is found that the pompier gets ten or twelve cents a day.—Cor. Cincinnati

#### INSECTICIDES.

Official Directions Furnished by the National Bureau of Entomology.

London Purple-To 20 pounds flour from 1 to 1 pound is added and well mixed. This is applied with a sifter or blower. With 40 gallons water 1 to 1 pound is mixed for spraying.

Paris Green—With 20 pounds flour from 1 to 1 pound is mixed and applied by sifting or by a blower. The same amount of the insecticide to 40 gallons water is used as a spray. Bisulphite of Carbon—For use in the

ground a quantity is poured or injected among roots that are being infected. Against insects damaging stored gra n or museum material a small quantity is used in an air-tight vessel. Carbolic Acid-A solution of 1 part

in 100 of water is used against parasites on domestic animals and in their barns and sheds; also on the surfaces of plants and among the roots in the Heliebors—The powder is sifted on alone or mixed 1 part to 20 of flour. With 1 gallon of water 4 pound is

mixed for spraying. Kerosene—Milk Emulsion: To 1 part milk add 2 parts kerosene, and churn by force-pump or other agitator. The butter-like emulsion is diluted ad libitum with water. An eas.er method is to simply mix 1 part kerosene with 8 of milk. Soap Emulsion: In 1 gallon hot water 1 pound whale-oil soap is dis-solved. This, instead of milk, is mixed

same manner and proportions as above. Perethrum: Persian Insect Powder-Is blown or sifted on dry; also applied in water, 1 gallon to a tablespo of the powder, well starred and then

to an emulsion with kerosene in the

Tobacco Decoction-This is made as strong as possible as a wash or spray to kill insect pests on animals and plants

## Wear and Tear of Gold.

The annual loss of gold by attrition. shipwreek, fires, etc., is very smail. not quite two tons, or £280,000. According to Jevons, gold coin loses two per cent. in one hundred years-that is, £140,000 per annum on the actual amount, £736. 000,000. The loss by shipwreek can not possibly be higher than one sixth of the ratio of loss in sea borne mer-chandise—say £2 for every £1,000 shipped, and as the quantity of sea borne gold in 1871-80 averaged £50,-400,000 per annum, the loss by ship-wreck would be £101,000. If we allow £32,000 for loss by fires, we make up a total wear and tear of £280,000 or two tons, the existing stock being a trifle under 11,000 tons. McCulloch used to reckon for jewelers, loss, wear and tear, etc. about 1 per cent, which would be nearly £4,000,000 a year of our present stock.—Contemporary Re-

## A Senator's Comparison.

A good story is told of Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, (a native of Essex County, Mass.) when he was at Fortress Monroe. He was sitting on the pier one evening, looking with his nearsighted eyes into the rippling water and descanting on the change between this moonlit scene and hot and busy city life. "Is it possible," said somebody, with keen recollection of his ruling characteristic, "that man is ever anything but cool?" "Yes." said the Senator, overcool?" "Yes." said the Senator, overhearing the remark, "sometimes! I am like a negro! I heard preaching a sermon on the Judgment Day. He described the final conflagration, all the terrors of judgment, and anally exclaimed: 'Yes, brether'n, Heaven will pass away, and sea and air, and, brether n (as a climax), I will pass away, too." "-Ben. Perley Poore, in Boston Budget.

-The price of real estate was under discussion at the club, when one gen tleman remarked: "Jones. old boy, I know where one can buy just the nices little home, splendid cottage, grand fruit trees, and all tha, for a song."

'Just my luck," said Jones, "I can't sing a note."—Hartford Pest.

## Take all in all.

-Take all the Kidneys and Liver

Take all the Blood purifiers,
Take all the Rhoumatic remedies,
Take all the Dyspepta and indiges

-Take all the Ague, Fever and billous -Take all the Brain and Nerve for

-Take all the Great health res

In short, take all the best qualities of all these and the best medicines in the world, and you will find that Hop Billors have the best curative qualities and powers of all—concentrated in them,—And that they will cure when any or all of these singly or combined. —And that they will cure when any or all of these, singly or—combined. Fail!!!! —A thorough trial will give positive proof of this.

#### Hardened Liver.

Five years ago I broke down with kidney and liver comptaint and rheumatism.

Since then I have been unable to be about at all. My liver became hard like wood; my limbs were puffed up and filled with

water.

All the best physicians agreed that nothing could cure ma. I resolved to try Hop Bitters; I have used seven bottles; the bardness has all gone from my liver, the swelling from my limbs, and it has worked a miracle in my case; otherwise I would have been now in my grave.

J. W. MOKEY, Buffalo, Oct 1, 1881.

Poverty and Suffering.

"I was dragged down with debt, poverty and suffering for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for dectoring.

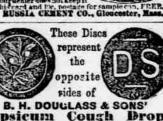
"I was completely discouraged, until one year are, by the salvice of my passor, I commenced using Hop Bitters, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have seen a sick day aloce, and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will nost. I know it."

Prescente the Swindlers!!!

If when you call for Hop Bitters the druggist hands out anything but "Hoo Bitters" with a green cluster of Hops on white label, shun that druggist as you would a viper; and if he has taken your money for a bogus stuff, induct him for the trand and see him for damages for the swindle, and we will reward you therally for the conviction.

See U. S. Court injunction against C. D. Warner, Reading, Mich., and all his salesmen and agents. Druggists, and other imitators, take warning.

**LEPAGES** GLUES B ACID 1600 Pounds TWO GOLD MEDALS.



Capsicum Cough Brops
for Coughs, Colds and Sore Throats, an
Alleviator of Consumption, and of great
benefit in racea cases of Dyspepsia.
(REWARE OF INSTATIONS.)
They are the result of over forty what apperience
in compounding COUGH RELIEDIES.
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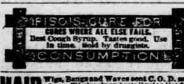
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